or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vse your legges, take the start, runne away, my conscience sayes no; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heede honest *Iobbe*, or as afore-saide honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* sayes the fiend, away sayes the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde sayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, sayes very wisely to mee: my honest friend *Launcelet* beeing an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smacke, something grow to; he had a kinde of taste; well, my conscience sayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge sayes the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile wel, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be ruld by my conscience, I should stay with the Iewe my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the deuill himselfe: certainely the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile mee to stay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commaundement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maister young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maister Iewes?

Launcelet. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Maister young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maister Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes house.

Gobbo. Be Gods sonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me

mee whether one *Launcelet* that

or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young

nowe, nowe will I raise the wate

Launcelet.

Gobbo. No Maister sir, but a

though I say't is an honest excee

thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Father b

Maister *Launcelet.*

Gob. Your worships friend an

Launce. But I pray you *ergo* o

you of young Maister *Launcelet*

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant please y

Launce. Ergo Maister *Launcel*

Father, for the young Gentlem

nies, and such odd sayings, the

learning, is indeede deceased, or

gone to heauen.

Gobbo. Marry God forbid,

age, my very prop.

Launcelet. Doe I looke like

or a prop: doe you know me F

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I k

but I pray you tell mee, is my

dead.

Launcelet. Doe you not kn

Gobbo. Alack sir I am sand

Launcelet. Nay, in deede if

of the knowing mee: it is a

childe. Well, olde man, I wil

mee your blessing; truth will

hidde long, a mannes Sonn

out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand

my boy.

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